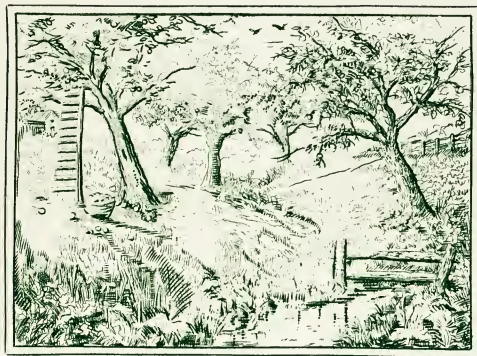


# THE SPRING AT THE OLD ORCHARD'S END.



BY

*Edgar T. Belding.*

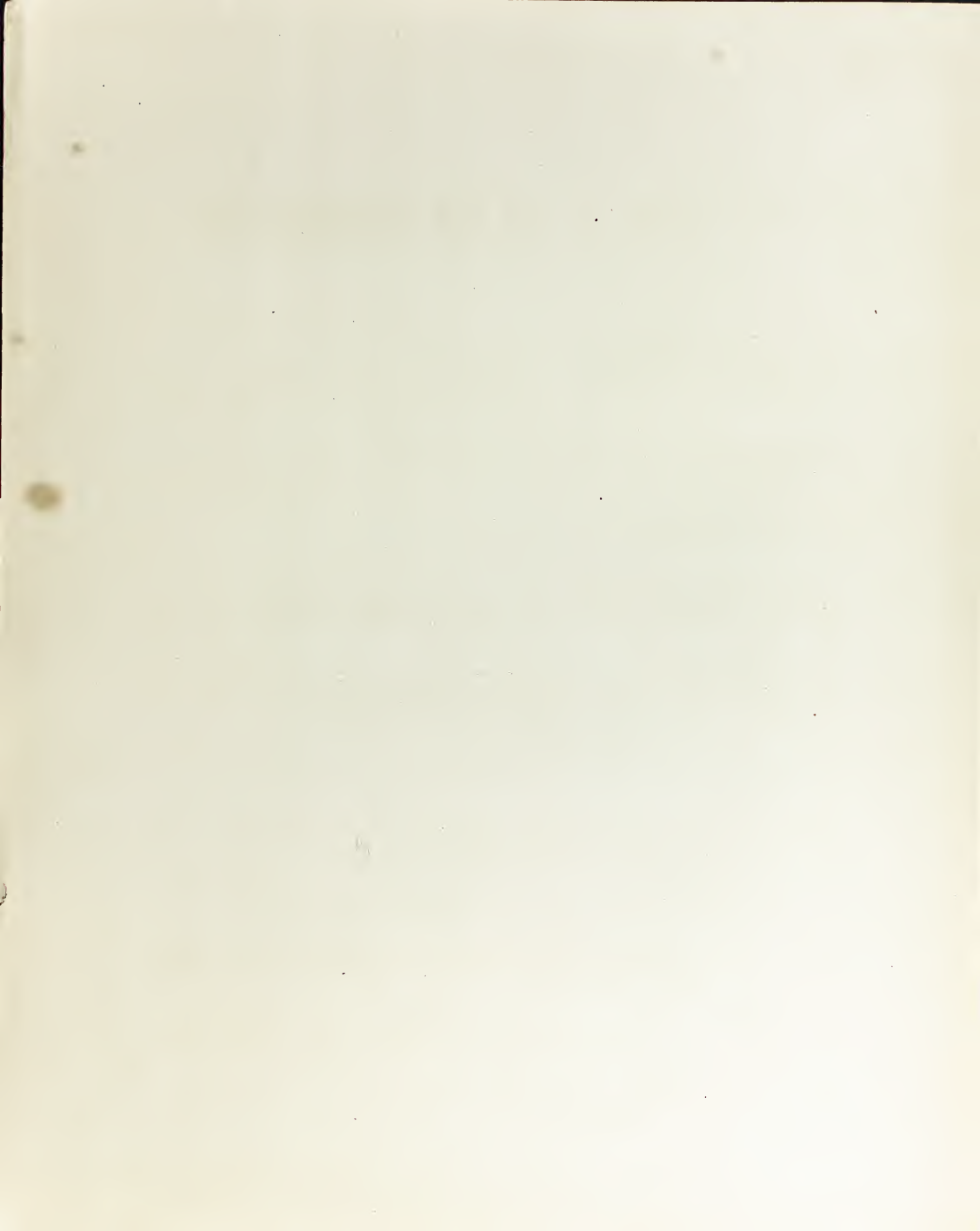
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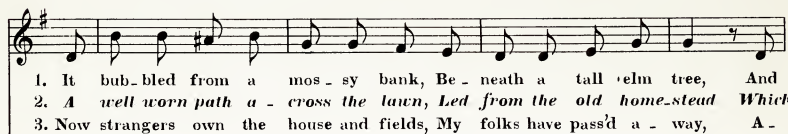
Philadelphia  
Frederick J. ...  
1717 ...



# THE SPRING AT THE OLD ORCHARD'S END.

*Allegro moderato.*

EDGAR T. BELDING.



with the hum-ming of the bees, Made mur-m'ring mel-o-dy. On  
 of-ten in the days gone by My loved ones used to tread. —  
 round the gar-den and the lawn, Some oth-er chil-dren play. An

sum-mer days long years a-go, As down to drink I'd bend, I  
 Fath-er, broth-er, sis-ter Moth-er, Tru-est, kind-est friend, They  
 ex-ile in a dis-tant land, My thoughts I sad-ly send, To those

of-ten saw my hap-py face, In the spring at the old orchard's end.  
 tread no more the sha-ded path, To the " " " " " " "  
 joy-ous days and that hap-py home, And the " " " " " " "

## REFRAIN.

The spring at the old orchard's end, How ma - ny sweet

mem - o - ries blend, Of child - hood's bright hours, When

life seemed all flow'rs, By the spring at the old orchard's end. \_\_\_\_\_

